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LITERARY.

The following allegory is from the pen of an American lady. It appears now for the first time in print. We are not at liberty to give the name of the authoress, but a perusal of the "Grotto of the Heart" will convince the reader that it is the work of a woman of taste and genius.

THE GROTTTO OF THE HEART.

PART I.

THERE is within every human breast, a recess called "The GROTTTO OF THE HEART," the entrance is low and narrow, but within, it immediately expands into a high and spacious vault, lined with the brightest coral, and often gemmed with the dew-drops of Pity, which hang like the brilliant spar, often found in caves and glitter on its surface. In the centre of this vault rises the *Fountain of Life*. Large channels, called arteries, and smaller ones, called veins, convey the streams issuing from this fountain, throughout the system. When the source is pure and undisturbed, these vital streams, carry health and pleasure as they flow: but, alas, this is seldom the case; there are few instances in which some corroding care, some angry, or discordant passion, oftener even than the poison of disease, does not find an entrance, and by its baneful influence, destroy the purity, and disturb the tranquillity of the fountain, and thus spread pain and misery through the mortal frame.

I had a fair friend whose heart I ardently desired to examine. I succeeded and shall now attempt to record what I saw and heard. By what aerial power I was enabled to accomplish this desire, I need not say—it is enough that it was a good genius, for one that was bad could never have found a way or made a way for me, into the heart of Emilia.—At the entrance, *Patience* with humble mien, and sober vestment, stood as portress and guard. Her eyes never wandered, her attention never slept, and yet in spite of all her vigilance, some of those little *cares* and *revolutions*, from which even the happiest life is not exempt, would steal in, to trouble the tranquillity of the fountain: then, *Patience* would meekly advance and pouring some oil, from the flask which hung on her arm, over the ruffled surface, it would soon regain its smoothness.

The genius and myself stole unperceived into this sacred recess, where in a concealed corner we examined the various groups who were its inhabitants. On one side of the fountain clustering close to its very verge were the social and domestic

affections, quietly reposing undisturbed by any turbulent or unruly passion, guarding with unwearied care this precious reservoir of life and peace.

On the other side, were two lovely nymphs, who though of different styles of beauty, bore such a resemblance that we could not mistake in believing them to be twin sisters. One, was thrown in careless mood, on a couch of rushes, and was indeed lovely to behold. Her garments were of spotless white, her flaxen tresses simply bound round her head and fastened with a thorn, excepting a few scattered ringlets, which played over her face.

She seemed, truly when "unadorned, adorned the most," for not a single ornament destroyed the simplicity of her appearance. She was loveliness itself.—Her fair and polished forehead, her blushing cheeks, her bright blue eyes, her coral lips, ever opening with a smile, shewed teeth of pearl: while the whole face was lit up with good nature and gaiety, and a thousand dimples gave a perpetual variety and sportive expression to her charming countenance.

As she half lay, and half sat on her rushy couch, she was playfully and busily too, employed in trimming a lamp which was near her, and brightening its flame, by supplying the wasting oil from a chrysal vase which stood beside her. The pure and lambent flame, illuminated the grotto, not with the brilliancy of the noon tide sun, but with the mild and clear light, of a full moon on a cloudless summer's night. Every object was obvious to sight; and if it did not animate into gaiety, it soothed the soul into the most delicious self-complacency. When she had finished her own task, she turned to her sister nymph, who was sitting close beside the fountain, and seemed equally its guardian. "Upon my word, my dear creature," said she, (tossing about the contents of a large basket while she spoke,) "Upon my word, I should take you this morning for a gardener's wife, just setting off for market. Why prithee, *HEALTH*, for what are all these fine roots, herbs, and fruits designed?" At first no reply was made, so intently was she occupied in searching for some fruit or flower in the heap that lay before her; she was a charming creature. Her round and full form; her clustering ringlets of brightest auburn, wantoned over a forehead of ivory and neck of alabaster; her dark and sparkling eyes, spread animation over her glowing cheeks and ruby lips, and although she had less softness and delicacy, she had far more vigour and elasticity

of form and motion than her lovely sister.

"Come, tell me on what you are so intent, and who knows but I shall be able to assist you." "Dear companion," replied *Health*, "that is what I much desire, for you know how necessary we are to each other, and indeed that we could scarcely exist if separated. Assist me then, my dear *CONTENT*, in the arduous task I have undertaken; I have this season been a wanderer and exile from our dear city of Washington, but design to return and take up my abode, if the inhabitants will receive me on the conditions I propose. I am convinced that too much animal food and high living are injurious, and I wish you, my dear, to go before me and persuade them to be satisfied with greater simplicity. See, I have collected these delicious fruits and herbs, I have brought them from our native home, the hills and fields of which I have explored to find all that was most wholesome and salutary for man." "A hard task truly, this which you assign me: for indeed *Health*, I am almost as great a stranger in the city as yourself. If the high living has driven you away, believe me, dissipation, expensive habits, court ceremonies, and above all, the cares and intrigues of ambition, have alienated me from this once favourite place, and the regards of its inhabitants from me. You would scarcely believe, were I to tell you into how few hearts I am admitted. It is in vain that I urge my humble claims, and describe my constant and quiet pleasures. I am laughed to scorn, and from the narrow dwellings of the poor, and the splendid mansions of the rich, I am equally neglected, while wealth, rank, power, precedence, in some shape or other are preferred." "But try once more, my dear *CONTENT*, let us not yet abandon these deluded mortals; go—persuade them that simplicity of living, temperance, regular hours, and quiet minds, will make them happier than the phantoms they are now pursuing." "I assure you, my sister, such an errand will be a very fruitless one; they will not listen, or if they should, they would not believe me. *Habit* is unconquerable, and they will adhere to habit, although misery and death should be the consequence; they will part with you and me, before they will part with the pleasures and luxuries in which they now indulge." "This is a sad affair," said *Health*, with a heavy sigh. "The best blessings sent by Heaven are carelessly thrown away, while the allurements of the world are eagerly followed, though they bring with them only disappointment and vexation! But woman,

lovely woman! surely my dear *Content*, she would receive you, and for my sake, would follow the counsels we offer." "Worse still," exclaimed *Content*, "with them I should be still more hopeless of success! With an infatuation past belief, they pursue the deceits and vanities of life, and throw away not only whole days, but nights in the pursuit of Pleasure, so miscalled; for of all the wearisome lives which mortals lead, the *gay life* of the rich and fashionable, is the most monotonous and fatiguing. It is a melancholy spectacle to behold the young, the rich, the lovely, in the very outset of life complaining of its weariness, and sinking under *Ennui*, an enemy, more fatal to happiness than even disease and poverty. It was but lately that I could have wept over a poor young creature, although it was her own folly that drove me away. I bade her farewell but still fondly returned, still lingered, in hopes of an invitation to fix my abode in a heart so capable of virtuous happiness. At my last attempt I found her lying on a sofa spiritless and wretched: 'what is the matter, my child?' said I, tenderly taking her hand. 'Oh I know not, I know not what is the matter, but I feel miserable,' replied she with a long drawn sigh. 'Miserable! how is that possible—you are very young, very beautiful, very rich—you have the kindest of friends, the most indulgent of husbands, every care is removed, every wish is anticipated; what then makes you miserable?' 'Indeed I cannot tell, but my life is a burden to me—when I rise in the morning, or rather at noon, I long for night that I may again sleep. I am weary of existence; its pleasures no longer please,—I dress, I visit, I have gay company and go into gay company, but to me all is equally dull, a tiresome round of the same gaieties, which never enlivened, and now, tire me. In fact, I feel good for nothing.' 'That is a sad feeling indeed, to feel good for nothing, and I know but one way to get rid of it, which is by being good for something. My dear young friend, you have all the ingredients of happiness, but one.' 'Ah tell me,' eagerly exclaimed she, 'tell me that one.' 'The necessity of employment,' said I, 'without occupation there can be no enjoyment.' 'You mistake,' said the poor young creature, 'indeed you do; I am too ill, too feeble, for any employment.' 'Ill, my dear! why your cheeks are blooming, your eyes are sparkling, pray what is your disease?'—'The most terrible of all diseases, that of the nerves; my nervous system is totally deranged, I am nerve all over.' 'No my child, your disease is *Idleness*, the parent of vice and misery; as yet, it has rendered you only miserable—take care lest it render you worse than miserable. Awake from this delirium, engage in active duties, keep regular hours, give up that heartless round of visits, in which your precious time is lost; give up those dull gaieties

with which the world cheats you: look at home for pleasure, and you will find such as will satisfy heart and mind.' Alas! my admonitions were scarcely listened to, and shall I again attempt a task so hopeless? Unhappy mortals, self-afflicted beings, who misuse and neglect the best gifts of Providence, neither *HEALTH* nor *CONTENT*, can dwell long in your abodes.—And so, good day, my fair sister, take my advice and give up your projects of reform, for as well might you

Bid Potomac not to flow,
Bid rude Boreas not to blow."

And then away she tripped, to the other side of the grotto, where *HOPE*, was sitting amidst a profusion of flowers of every clime and every hue. "Always at home dear sister," exclaimed *CONTENT*, "so you never forsake that eternal seat of yours. Verily I think that the poet says most true,

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

For my part, I can boast of no such constancy, I am easily disgusted and often quit one breast, to find another more to my mind. But prithee, say, for what are those fragrant stores, designed? busy, always busy for man, ungrateful man!"

"Not always ungrateful," replied *HOPE* with a benevolent smile, "and she, for whom I now labour, our dear Emilia, is a favourite of yours as well as mine." "She is indeed," said *CONTENT*, "and seldom or ever do you find me absent from the grotto of her heart, my favourite home."

"Assist me then, my dear, in weaving for her darling children chaplets of domestic happiness, for all other, this good mother despises." "With all my heart," replied *CONTENT*, throwing herself on the floor, amidst the flowers, which she playfully tossed about, "and what first shall I select for your wreath of happiness?"

"Can you ask that my sister, can you imagine it possible for happiness to exist, without sensibility, to enjoy, to feel, to sympathise?" "Here then, is a lovely sprig of *mimosa*, whose tender leaves are sensible to the slightest touch, here is the very representation of sensibility—and next?"—"and next," said *HOPE*, "Love, surely Love is the first and sweetest sentiment to which sensibility expands the youthful heart." "Take then," said *CONTENT*, "its truest emblem, take this fragrant and glowing rose, but ah!" exclaimed she, with a shriek, "how cruelly have these sharp thorns wounded my poor fingers; methinks Love and Content will never be very good friends! But I have heard of the *thornless rose*, why have you not sought for such a prize?" "Sought! ah, how long and wearily have I sought, and how far have I travelled to seek for what I deemed so precious: at last I reached the country where it grew, there I found interminable plains, covered with a sickly verdure; no tree or shrub, no hill or dale,

relieved the eye from a wearisome uniformity; here reigned a perpetual calm, the sun never shone forth in the bright refulgence, which dazzles the beholder, nor was it ever veiled in those clouds and tempests which produce terror and sublimity.—*INDIFFERENCE*, the queen who reigned over this peaceful territory, enjoyed in undisturbed tranquility, an existence equally exempt from pain or joy, from misery or rapture. Close by her throne grew the *thornless rose*, the cherished plant, with which her brows were entwined. It was indeed free from thorns, but equally destitute of fragrance or beauty, it did not wound, but neither did it delight the sense. I threw far from me, the rose so sedulously sought, convinced of the superior value of this rich, this glowing flower of which you complain. But believe me, my dear *CONTENT* that those who most exquisitely enjoy, must most keenly suffer."

"Give me, however," replied the nymph, "less pain and I will promise to be satisfied with less pleasure, and I would rather be the subject of *INDIFFERENCE*, with all the monotony of which you complain, than of *SENSIBILITY*, with all the raptures of which you boast. But here," continued she, "is a bunch of amaranth; its firm and upright stem, its never fading colours, unchanged by the heat of summer, or the blasts of winter, is much more to my taste than your darling rose. Yes, be *Friendship* mine, that never changing, tranquil sentiment, which though it pretends to no ecstasies, is free from torments.—Give me friendship, she is my best support, let her therefore be my most constant companion. And now my dear *HOPE* after Love and Friendship, what shall I next select?" "A sprig of the balm of Gilead," said *HOPE*, "that plant which yields its balsam to heal the wounds of suffering humanity; there is no such thing as happiness derived from self alone; but benevolence which goes forth to administer to the good of others, brings home a richer harvest of enjoyment than self could ever yield. Surely then, *Benevolence* claims the next place in my wreath. And then comes *Knowledge* with all its rich, varied and exhaustless stores. Knowledge which can adorn the young and gay, and soothe the old and afflicted, which to society gives its greatest charm, to solitude its purest pleasure; with which poverty has dignity, and without which wealth is vulgar." "Well, here is a charming branch of laurel, which looks so fresh, that one would think the muses had just gathered it from the grove of Apollo. And will you not have likewise this stately lily, whose odorous flowers spread far and wide their rich perfume?" "No, no," said *HOPE*, "rank, of which this majestic flower is the emblem, suits not with these pure and humble joys; rather give me her more lowly but more fragrant sister, the *lily of the valley*, whose beauties are kept within the enclosure of these encircling leaves,

and which like domestic happiness, preserves its choicest sweets for home." And this rich and brilliant *tulip*, will you not enrich your chaplet, with its glaring tints?" "Away, away," exclaimed HOPE, pushing it aside, "away with that flower, whose vile scent and gaudy colours would corrupt the sweetness and destroy the simplicity of my garland. *Wealth* is more fatal, than even *Rank* to domestic joy. No, give me rather that sprig of *Hearts-ease*, it is worth more than *wealth* could ever give. Nor overlook the modest violet, which like true merit, we must seek to find. And now to complete my wreath, bring a branch from that cypress, which stands under the entrance of the grotto, for even the happiest life must terminate with the grave." "But my dear HOPE," said CONTEXT, "mingle not this funeral green, with these gay and brilliant flowers, why should such sad thoughts cast a gloom over the joys of youth?" "Such is the destiny of man," said HOPE, "it is not mine to change, but to soothe him in its passage; and see, my sister, the Palm which rises opposite the Cypress, bring me from that too, a branch of its bright and verdant foliage, with this I counterbalance the depressing effects of the cypress; for *Religion*, my sister is our best support; like the bright leaves of this palm tree, it mingles its rays of comfort amidst the gloomy fears of death, and like its firm and aspiring stem, raises our thoughts to heaven. And now let us unite the branches of palm and cypress with the flexile stalks of the weeping willow, for even over these blended hopes and fears, humanity must weep!"

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLERGYMEN. (Concluded.)

On our way home, my mother, smiling, said, "Well, do you find Mrs. Baxter much improved since you last saw her?" "She is so changed that I could hardly believe her the same woman." "Ay, she is indeed changed, and that the poor man, her husband, feels every hour of his life: she affects the fine airs and foibles of a lady of fashion; is proud as a duchess, and, with all her pretensions to delicacy and susceptible nerves, is a gross sensualist; indolent in the extreme, and yet a slave to her passions. Her fondness for her husband, whether real or affected, makes him miserable. He is a popular preacher, and often called out on sacramental occasions; but as she always insists on accompanying him and is too proud to ride in his own cart, she has compelled him to purchase a fine phaeton and splendid harness. When appointed to represent the Presbytery in the General Assembly, she went with him, and with difficulty he obtained her consent to dine for one day at the Commissioner's table, and she was in hysterics before he came in; he was obliged every day after to come home the moment the assembly left St. Giles's, and either take her out, or sit

tied to her apron-string, during the evening. He is fond of walking, to admire and contemplate the beauties of Nature, for which the scenery around the manse is well adapted; but he dares not stir beyond the garden, without her by his side. She is too indolent to rise in the morning; but at breakfast she will examine his shoes, to find whether the mud which adheres to them may betray that he has been beyond his limits; she keeps no female servant of more attractive features than the woman who attended us at dinner. In a word, with his small stipend, her nameless caprices, vanity, fantastic follies and extravagance, the good man is utterly deprived of domestic happiness, for he is plunged in debt over head and ears. I have heard that their marriage was the result of first love, contracted when he was at College, before he knew the world; if so, he has paid for his romantic folly."

Agreeably to my promise, when in town I called on Mr. Halliday, when the door was opened by a maid-servant, half naked, and up to the elbows in soap-suds. She conducted me to the garden, informing me the minister was there. As I passed through the back court, I was fiercely attacked by a brood-hen, surrounded by her chickens; as I staggered to one side to avoid her attack, and afraid of trampling on her chirping brood, which were fluttering about my legs, I landed my foot over the shoe in a gutter, which I soon perceived lay close to the barn, while the maternal screams of this feathered mother alarmed a sow with a numerous progeny, whose sty flanked the other side of the court, as a counterpart to the cow-house; proceeding, I next frightened a covey of ducks and ducklings, swimming in a wooden trough in front of a pump well, and in their fluttering retreat they besprinkled my clothes and face with a liberal effusion of the foul and filthy element. On entering the garden, I found the parson digging potatoes; the earth was wet, and he was in mud over the knuckles; however, after rubbing his hands on the grass and then wiping them with a handkerchief, which seemed to have been long in use, he extended a horny fist, like that of a ploughman, to bid me welcome, making an awkward apology that the maid was washing, and as he was fond of potatoes, he came out to dig a few for dinner. I had now an opportunity of observing his dress, every part of which appeared to have seen much service; the crown of his hat had fallen in, and the brim in some places pointed to the zenith, and in others to the nadir; his rusty black coat was out at elbows, and also fringed at the wrists; his vest from a paucity of buttons, betrayed the secret that his linen was ready for the girl who had acted as porter to me; from some parts of his small-clothes, I perceived they had once been cotton velvet, but the knees and upper parts of the thighs exhibited a lustre

which might almost have rivalled Day and Martin's blacking, had it then been invented; his stockings were a mixture of black and white worsted, the heels having been repeatedly darned with divers colours, of which white was predominant, still, from more than one hiatus, the skin was visible; of his shoes I shall only say, they were in keeping with his general costume.

On entering the parlour, we found it filled with screens covered with wet linen, and he led me to his study; there we found three or four children clambering on chairs around a large atlas on the table. One was daubing it with gamboge, another pricking it with pins, and a third shading the indentations of land and water with black lead, or defacing them with chalk. I observed the father's face colour; however, he said nothing, but turned out the cushions and laid the atlas aside. Our interview was long, for the minister had much to inquire; he invited me to stay to dinner, which I declined; but he insisted till I complied, lest my obstinacy should give offence. Mrs. Halliday now appeared in a very plain dress, and not overclean, and her husband took the opportunity of equipping himself a little more in character. As this was a "chance dinner," it would be invidious to make observations, more especially as Mrs. H. lamented that my coming to take pot-luck should have happened on washing-day; I shall therefore only observe, that the dinner was like what I afterwards found the minister's sermons to be, formed of good materials, but spoiled in the cooking. I now discovered that this worthy couple both earned the bread they ate; for as I had seen the husband digging his dinner from the bowels of the earth, so his helpmate's hands now exhibited proof that they had been actively employed in the washing-tub. Instantly on the cloth being removed, the thrifty housewife made some apology for leaving us, and withdrew to resume her labours. As we sat over a jug of whiskey toddy, it came to rain heavily, and continued through the afternoon sans intermission. Before tea, in addition to the rain,

The wind blew as 'twould blow its last; the big drops rattled furiously on the windows, their sashes clattering in their frames. The sun was now set, and the parson facetiously observed, that "it was an ill wind that blew nobody good," for he should have the pleasure of my company for the evening, as it was impossible I could go home. As my proposal of going to sleep at the inn would have implied dissatisfaction with my present quarters, I made some apology for the trouble, and agreed to stay; but I soon regretted my consent, for the good lady's countenance changed at my ready acquiescence. The tea was finished, and she went down stairs, where her voice soon rose in no gentle tones; the rain rattled, and the tempest bellowed, but the ebullition from her lungs rose above

both; and this din was still farther increased by the screaming of the children, altogether forming a loud, but most unharmonious concert. The minister looked awkward and uneasy, and at last rung the bell, ordering a fire to be lighted in the study, as the night was cold. Mrs. H. now burst into the room, in great alarm, crying, that one of the cows was swollen with wet clover, and lying in the field unable to rise. Although her countenance plainly said,

Get up, gademan—save crumie's life,
An' tak' your auld cloak about you,

he replied, "Well, what can I do? send for David Puddin—I'll not go out." The lady's face expressed resentment at this declaration, and she flung out, slamming the door behind her. I expressed my surprise that he should trouble himself with cows, having no glebe. He replied, that Mrs. H. being from the country, had teased him into taking a few acres of land; but that he found it more plague than profit, although she found much pleasure in these rural cares. In a word, I discovered from his conversation, and what I had observed, that both were worldly-minded; but that she rather outdid him, and, according to the proverb, *the grey mare was the better horse* in his family. We adjourned to the study, where the fire, in the inflated language of Hervey, mocked our wishes, rather than warmed our limbs; and a very small dim candle diffused a "dim, religious light." Thus I saw was the usual economy of the house; but the parson ordered an addition to the one, and an exchange of the other. Tidings now arrived that the cow was dead. It was not perhaps possible for a woman of Mrs. H.'s disposition to bear such a loss with equanimity, and a scene took place between her and her husband which did honour to neither. The evening passed heavily, and we retired at an early hour, which I found was the practice in the family.

The howling tempest soon lulled me asleep, and a noise in the kitchen below awoke me by day-light. The morning was serene, and the sun just emerging from the sea; I opened my window, to inhale a little fresh air, but was saluted with a sound more powerful than pleasant, which I soon discovered proceeded from the cow-house and pig-stye, in the court under my window, which I hastily closed. I had sat only a few minutes, when a horrible uproar of grunting and squeaking assailed my ears. Peeping from behind the window-curtain, I beheld the thrifty lady of the mansion in a dishabille which I cannot describe; her cap did not rival the lily, and her matted locks hung in disorder about her ears; her arms were bare to above the elbows; a petticoat, which seemed a stranger to the washing-tub, by its scanty longitude displayed a considerable portion of a brawny foot; she was slipshod, and in the act of administering

a pail of slops to the bristly fraternity in the sty; and plunging her arms into the pail, she stirred the mixture, before tumbling it into their trough, and then looked at the squeaking tribe with much complacency. Retiring, she in a minute or two returned with a large basin of odds, and calling out, "chuck, chuck!" soon collected a cackling and quacking throng around her, to all of which she distributed their morning dole, with her hand, from the basin. Never had I seen a female in respectable life, in a dress, attitude, and employment, less attractive; and as soon as the minister appeared, I took my departure, resisting every entreaty to stay to breakfast. At home, I could not help contrasting the lady I had just left with Mrs. Baxter; for never had I seen two women about equal age, and in similar situations in life, more unlike each other in their habits and manners. "Ay," said my father, "the parsons have both some peculiar notions, and are very different characters; both marriages, I believe, were the result of theories formed in early life, and both are unhappy."

I wish, for their sakes and that of their children, that I could wind up my story, by saying that they had been more fortunate in their respective theories concerning genius; but, alas! both were doomed by experience to see the futility of their speculations. Andrew Baxter adhering to his opinion, that genius would develop itself, by a decided predilection for some profession, kept Tom at school and college, till he believed him skilled in languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry; still expecting the latent spark to burst forth, and that he would only have to superadd the study of some particular branch, to a mind of such general information; but Tom was now turned seventeen, and had shewn no partiality for any profession, except that of a gentleman. The father, although still confident in his system, conceived there might be no harm in giving Madam Nature a jog on the elbow; and accordingly wrote to Tom, that he must now consult his genius, and decide on his future course of life. Tom had a strong attachment to the lighter species of the *belles lettres*,—had been a member of a debating club,—attended the theatre, spouting and supping with the players. He had a manly, handsome figure,—good ear,—clear, but fine mellow voice,—and sang with taste. His father made no secret of his doctrine, and Tom now believed that Nature had destined him for the sock and buskin, and that he had only to appear on the boards, to eclipse Garrick, then in the meridian blaze of his glory. Confirmed in this opinion by some of his dramatic cronies, he determined for the stage; but prudently resolved not to make his first appearance where he was known; and as the company were soon to depart for Greenock, he arranged with

the manager to accompany them, and make his *debut* in that quarter. The tragedy of Douglas was announced, the character of young Norval by a gentleman, being his first appearance on the stage.—He ranted, looked, and talked like a hero, and was greeted with applause. Had they hooted him from the stage, he might then have made a timely retreat, and saved himself from future ills; but he was now sailing upon the summer sea of popular applause, and the Temple of Fame appeared at a short distance, the portals of which he imagined would open at his approach. He now wrote a farce, which he prevailed on the manager to bring forward. The good folks of Greenock were not fastidious; the pit clapped, and the gallery shook with thunders of applause. This was all very well; but although his fame was flourishing almost equal to his wishes, he felt his finances in a galloping consumption; still his benefit was near; he prepared an original comic song, and an address by way of epilogue, all of which were announced in the bills: the house was crowded, and Tom cleared a sum beyond his expectations.

To find a greater fool, or one more inflated with vanity than a poet and player, whose acting and writing have both been crowned with popular applause, the lad in the eighteenth year of his age, all his debts paid, and a dozen pounds in his pocket,—I say, to find a greater fool than him, it would be necessary to visit a lunatic asylum. Tom hesitated and pondered, whether he should stick to his pen, or continue to tread the boards; but considering them as cousins germain, and having the precedent of Shakespeare and Garrick before him, he resolved to unite both, and thus have two strings to his bow. He continued with the company till their return to Edinburgh, by which time he had a comedy ready for rehearsal: it was brought out at the opening of the Theatre, Tom appearing as the principal character; but either the muse had been less propitious, or the critics in Auld Reekie were influenced by caprice; the play dragged heavily through the first act, in the second much disapprobation was displayed, and in the third the hapless author was lissed from the stage, in what he believed the best scene in the piece, which was not suffered to come to a conclusion. What a difference in his feelings in two short hours! When he entered the Theatre, the thermometer of hope was just rising to boiling point—it was now many degrees below zero. Bajazet in the plenitude of his power, and exhibited by Tamerlane in an iron cage, had not more opposite feelings. Longer stay in the metropolis was impossible, and a decent or manly retreat was impracticable, from the state of his finances. Almost frantic, he borrowed, or rather begged, a guinea from the Manager, and instead of returning home, made bad

worse, by proceeding to Glasgow, and enlisting as a soldier in a marching regiment. But Tom had more dexterity in wielding the mimic truncheon on the stage than he had with the musket at drill; he was awkward, and the drill-sergeant tyrannical, and the *ci-devant* dramatic hero took French leave. Aware that his absence would produce some regret, but with a firm resolution not to return, he contrived to secrete himself till a vessel was ready to sail for the western world. He landed on the shores of Columbia without a guinea in his pocket, and soon found that it was not the market for either poetical or histrionic talent.

Jonathan had as little relish for Greek and Mathematics; a stonemason would have been more esteemed than Dr. Parr, and a millwright would have taken precedence of La Place. It was before the tarring and feathering scheme that Tom landed at Boston, then considered as the capital of the British colony. Tom's necessities were urgent; he wrote a good hand, and could manage pounds, shillings and pence upon paper better than in his pocket. He applied to a store-keeper, was taken upon trial, and gave satisfaction; for although awkward, he was active, and anxious to please. He had been about a year in this situation, and had just come under an engagement for a regular salary, when one morning, being at the quay superintending the unloading of a cargo, he was informed that a British regiment was to be disembarked from some transports alongside. Turning to look, he saw, with no pleasant feelings, the uniform he had lately worn; and in a few minutes his quondam Captain came upon deck, while his former tyrannical drill-sergeant leaped on shore, almost close by his side.

The regiment was to be stationed in Boston, and as Tom had much out-of-door business, he found detection would soon follow. Having once seen a culprit flogged for desertion, he had no wish for a practical knowledge of this discipline, and without loss of time fled to the interior, opened a school in a village on the margin of a swamp, which, soon affected his health, and he was seized with an irresistible desire to re-visit Scotland, and die at his father's fire-side. By rigid economy and penurious living, he saved money for his passage, contrived to get on board a vessel for Britain, and, after an absence of more than three years, reached the manse, the home of his father, penniless, way-worn, and weary. Here he continued to wander for some time in the sunny vale,

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what he was;

and sunk to an untimely grave, before his sun of life had reached its noon. Such was the result of the Reverend Andrew Baxter's theory concerning genius.

The Reverend Francis Halliday had determined, when his son was yet whipping his top, or trundling his hoop, that he should be bred to the law. As the preliminary step to this, no pains were spared to make him an excellent Latin scholar. George had been early taught submission to the *dicta* of a parent; and when informed of his destination for life, although it gave him no pleasure, he did not start any objection. In the town where his father resided was a Notary, who was reckoned a Solomon for wisdom, and a Machiavel for policy and cunning; to this man George was put as an apprentice, and afterwards sent to study and practice under a friend most learned in the law at Edinburgh; it being his father's intention, that after his head was fully charged, and when he had been nursed to practice, that he should set up for himself in the county town, as a Notary, and pleader in the Sheriff-Court.

George Halliday was a lad of a peculiar turn of mind, had much of the milk of human kindness in his heart; and he had formed what men of the world would term romantic notions of probity and justice, which were often shocked by the specimens of legal quibbling which now came under his notice. He expressed to his father dislike to the law; but the parson replied, "When you find it profitable, it will then become delightful." After what appeared a long and irksome noviciate, George settled as a practitioner in the county town, with a firm determination to consult Conscience, along with Coke and Lyttleton. The first cause in which he was engaged was one of considerable importance and intricacy; he happened to have the right side, and was opposed by a popular pleader of long standing. However, he displayed such a profound knowledge of law, and poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, that his client was victor, and his fame spread over the country. Business poured in upon him; but George was capricious; for if he had doubts about the justice of a cause, he would not undertake it; and when convinced that the litigant was wrong, flatly told him so; not only recommending an amicable settlement, but condescending to become an arbitrator. When he did plead, however skilled in law, his greater zeal was always displayed for equity. Such was his pacific disposition, that frivolous but profitable litigation declined daily. Hence he was considered among his brethren as a dangerous innovator, who would, if not put down, destroy the trade. They endeavoured to propagate a report that his brain was cracked; and litigious men, whose causes he had refused, circulated the tale, till those who doubted its truth were afraid to trust their business in his hands.

He persevered in his system,—his employment fell off,—the disappointed and angry parent remonstrated in vain, and at

last, in bitter wrath, told George he was a romantic and visionary fool; and he, in return, told his father that his counsels and opinions were at variance with, and unbecoming his character as a Minister of the Gospel of peace;—they quarrelled, and parted in great wrath. Hating his law, and having lost a good part of his respect for his father, George withdrew to a small farm, in a distant and sequestered part of the country. Thus, by the injudicious resolve and pertinacious obstinacy of a parent, were talents and principles buried in obscurity, which would have been useful to society, and an ornament to their country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

Mr. Fairfield, the American poet, who left our shores last winter with the intention of settling in London, has met with a cordial and gratifying reception. We have just received letters from him, which we hasten to lay before our readers. They will be perused with interest, for they are the production of genius and enthusiasm.

No. I.

London, Feb. 26, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

After a very long and, what was worse, very disagreeable passage, the harrassing particulars of which it is not necessary to detail, I arrived in the metropolis of the British empire under all the excitement which long expectation and constitutional enthusiasm were calculated to impart. While ascending the English Channel, which would be more appropriately termed the Channel of Fogs, I experienced the first positive persuasion that the land of my birth was far away—and that I was indeed a stranger in the ancient dwellings of our fathers. Many vast East India ships passed us daily, laden with victims for the Burmese massacre; countless black and misshapen pilot-boats darkened the horizon and served to recall the beautiful vessels of the same nature which gladden the mariner's eye in our own bright land. To show that even Yankee assurance is here double-distilled, the insolent skipper of one of these boats very civilly demanded to be taken in tow by the Hudson, and, when denied, reviled and abused our captain as long as his brawling trumpet could be heard! This then, methought, is our first welcome to old England; and truly it proved no unmeet introduction to the watermen of the Thames—the roughest and most uncouth of all the disciples of Jason. Several of our passengers landed at Dover, but what do you imagine these conscien-

tious watermen demanded to carry *four* passengers *two* miles! Truly, eight guineas, or *forty* dollars! So much for British honesty of character, thought I; so much for the daring and oft-commended watermen of the Thames! commended because they risk their lives in the fury of the hurricane and the awful horrors of the surf to rescue miserable wretches from the devouring flood. One would think that they deserved all they could obtain for occasional services when they were so disinterested in danger; but who would not be disinterested for *twenty* guineas? Such is their premium for every life they save.

Mingled with the first magnificent feeling, which thrills in the veins of a stranger on beholding England, there is an overwhelming pain arising from actual contact with the most repulsive and loathsome objects. Countless beggars, such as we never behold in America—wild, haggard, tattered wretches throng you on every side and beseech, and implore, and persecute every decent passenger in every tone and every attitude of misery, which practised ingenuity can invent. One's heart must ache with painful sympathy for these most miserable outcasts; indeed, I have experienced absolute suffering, when contemplating the hopelessness of their condition; and I could not avoid almost execrating a government which rioted in every sort of extravagant splendour, and doomed so many unfortunates to wretchedness past relief by any ordinary means. Yet the English must be allowed their defence; and they very plausibly assert that many, very many of these apparently miserable beings are thieves in disguise, too indolent to earn their bread, or too dishonestly proud to accept the national benefactions. To this opinion, I may add, I am somewhat more favourably inclined since my cloak and purse were very adroitly stolen while passing from Holborn to the Strand. But my first impressions were the dictates of pure sympathy; and many a misgiving arose within me when I thought of the greatness of this kingdom—its army and navy—its vast wealth and power—and appended to these, its disgusting horde of mendicants. The novelty of the sight augmented the horror; the accustomed crouch and shuffling gait; the habitual whine and ingrained squallor of misery; the distortions of countenance and the

obtruded hand; all these things were new to me, and as offensive as they were new. There was a time, it is said, when beggars solicited alms on horseback; the means which they adopt to win upon the charities of mankind at present, are as little likely, I should think, to obtain any adequate remuneration. They play on organs, bugles, fifes, and many other instruments in the streets, while a ragamuffin host surrounds them and despatches bands in all directions to importune and persecute the passengers. It is a difficult affair to force one's way through some of the streets; and even when one does escape, it is generally with the loss of some part of his wardrobe. *Sed satis!*

I quit this repugnant subject to enter on more attractive themes; and you must excuse the medley which I have to offer in consideration of the numerous avocations which prevent any proper arrangement.

Having been introduced by my letters to many English gentlemen, I was struck with their amiable manners and admirable sociality; their disposition to honour all Americans, and their liberal remarks upon our staunch republic. They are utterly free from the haughtiness and unaccommodating loftiness of demeanor which characterize so great a portion of our brethren; indeed, it is pleasantly said among them, that Englishmen are much more haughty to their own countrymen than to the natives of the West, and this is the reason why they are so; the Americans have established, by some means, a character of such unequalled pride, that honest John Bull cannot pretend to imitate it, and therefore, the worthy old alderman receives with singular courtesy his stiff-necked descendants. I am greatly pleased with the gentlemen whom I have seen, as for the shopkeepers, and all the variety of *mongers*, they are the most insolent blackguards breathing—always excepting the porters, the hackney-coachmen, the women who let furnished apartments, and the wretches who haunt dark alleys and lone corners of the streets.

It is with regret that I am obliged ungallantly to say that I have seen very little beauty thus far in England. The great proportion of the ladies whom I have seen do certainly present a most ungracious appearance; it would require more penetrating organs of vision than I pretend to pos-

sess, to discern much loveliness either in the faces of those who promenaded the sidewalks or whirl along in their carriages. The former, who, in their anxiety to preserve their dresses from the greasy mud of London, exhibit too often strange appearances, are chiefly remarkable for full blowsy faces and rotundular forms; the latter for pale, sallow visages and wasted bodies—both the rewards of balls, routs, operas, and watering-places. There are some exceptions certainly in both classes; the handsomest girl I have seen in England, was bar-maid at Gravesend; and, once a month, perhaps, a fashionable belle flits by of most surpassing loveliness.

But, in general, I greatly prefer the American women to any whom I have yet seen here; there is more delicacy both in their conversation and appearance—more unpretending simplicity of character—less anxiety for display, less forwardness, less desire of notoriety. Their principles are better established; their education, less ornate, but far more useful; their chances of happiness far greater; their beauty far greater; and, last but not least in the ladies' estimation, their dresses much more becoming. The most common girl in New-England would be shocked to hear what strange expressions fall from the lips of the greatest advocates of politeness—the chosen of the fashionable coteries. There is not a servant girl in America who would ever take her gown under her arm in the open street—but nothing is more common here. No mother there would venture to imitate Mrs. B— of C—, who lately took her five daughters under her maternal wings and pursued an arrant errant Sir Somebody, from the gude auld town of Edinbro' to the lake of Como and the gulf of Venice—where he effectually doubled and escaped.—Not to be unmerciful on the English ladies, I shall say no more now; time may change my opinions, but at present I love my own country-women far more than I ever expect to love the ladies of this isle.

The general appearance of London is at first extremely gloomy; the narrow streets, full of mud at this season, the arched courts, the alleys which look as if made expressly for robbers and cut-throats; the sombre colouring of the houses—the filthy sewers, the papered walls, the heavy coal wains—and every other species of annoy-

ance combine to impress the mind of a stranger with the gloom of a peopled solitude, infinite and undefinable. Every thing is ancient, but nothing venerable; every thing vast, but nothing exhilarating; one cannot admire a building when surrounded by profane wagoners and whining mendicants. It is only when we emerge from the *city* and enter the *town* of London, that we feel its greatness; it is only when gazing on St. Paul's, Somerset House, Regent Street, the Quadrant, Westminster Abbey, and such places, that we feel truly in the world of London. Rapidly, and therefore feebly, I shall notice each of these glories of the metropolis, and perhaps include some less celebrated structures as I proceed. No eloquence can describe the first and last of these glorious monuments of human power; the intoxicated spirit and overflowing heart alone can portray them.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obed't friend,
S. LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.
To J. G. Brooks, Esq.
No. 2 in our next.

POETRY.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

THE MANIAC GIRL.

BY IANTHIS.

They bore her to a lonely grave,
Near to the water's verge,
And o'er her corpse no holy words
Ne'er spoke—they sang no dirge,—
But silently, at dead of night,
They dug a resting-place,
And heap'd the sod above her breast,
But left no further trace!

And who is she, whose last, sad rites
So hurried are and few?
No mourners, and no weeping there,
But night-tears of the dew—
No coffin e'en to shield her limbs—
No funeral array:
Cast in the grave, as we would fling
A worthless thing away!

Her tale is simple, and soon told:
She lov'd, and was deceived—
And marriage-vows were promis'd her
By one whom she believ'd;
And she put on her best attire,
And drest herself with care—
Then hied her to the village church—
But no Bridegroom came there!

She hied her home—and from that time
Was never known to speak;
The lightning of her eye grew dim,—
The rose fled from her cheek,—
Her form was thin and wasted quite,—
Her looks were strange and wild;
Until nor sire, nor mother knew
The visage of their child.

At length she wander'd forth amid
The green woods and bright flowers;
The sun shone forth in all his pride,
And mirth laugh'd in the bowers;

The air was fill'd with balmy gales,
Whose music fill'd the trees,
Waking sweet sounds and magic notes,
The offspring of the breeze!

And she roam'd on unconsciously,
As one who knew no thought,
Save when some scenes of other days
Her restless vision caught;
And then she paus'd and gaz'd awhile,
And heavily she sigh'd,—
Then cast around a hurried glance,
And onward swifter hied!

But when she reach'd the well-known spot,
That shady, silent grove,
Where first she listen'd to the tale
Of man's false-hearted love,
Her eye grew bright and beautiful,—
A bloom o'er spread her face,—
Her step resum'd its buoyancy,—
Her form its wonted grace:

And up she turn'd her ferv'ish brow
Unto the yellow skies,
While from her lips pour'd forth the song
Of passion'd memories;—
That long-forgotten song—which he
So fondly list'n'd to,
And wonder'd how the wing'd hours with
Such passing swiftness flew!

While yet she sung, her feet approach'd
The many-leav'd green tree,
'Neath whose broad shade, he pledg'd to her
His oaths of constancy:
Her voice was on the instant hush'd,
And on her burning brain
She press'd her hands—then shriek'd aloud,
And hurried forth again!

Onward she rush'd—until she gain'd
A still and silent brook,
Then from the vesture next her heart
A faded rose she took,
And having flung it to the winds,
She madly laugh'd, and said—
“*I triumph now!*”—and plunging in
The waves clos'd o'er her head!

* * * * *

Some few hours pass'd—when strange men's
hands

Pluck'd her from out the wave:—
But she was dead—and they went on
To lay her in the grave:
And silently, at dead of night,
They dug a resting-place,
And buried her—then heap'd the sod—
But left no further trace!

THE BRIDAL DIRGE.

The bride is dead! the bride is dead!
Cold and frail, and fair she lieth;
Wrapped is she in sullen lead,
And a flower is at her head;
And the breeze above her sigheth,
Thorough night and thorough day,
'Fled away!—Fled away!

Once—but what can that avail—
Once, she wore within her bosom
Pity, which did never fail,
A hue that dashed the lily pale;
And upon her cheek a blossom
Such as yet was never known,
—All is past and overthrown!

Mourn! the sweetest bride is dead,
And her knight is sick with sorrow,
That her bloom is 'lapped in lead,'
Yet he hopeth, fancy-fed,
He may kiss his love to-morrow,
But the breezes!—what say they?
'Fled away! Fled away!'

BALLAD.

ISABELLE, OR THE SHRYNE OF SAINTE JOHNE.

Onne Holie Johne's translation daie,
Toe Beverley the pilgrimmes throng;
Helpe from hys blessedde bones to praie,
Or paie theyr vows now promisedde longe.

And whenne atte noone the masse was sayd,
Yee myght have seene thatte Abbaie floore
Wyth dame and knyghte, and youthe and mayd,
Alle lowlie kneelinge, coveredde o'er.

A thousand orisons werr raysedde,
And manie a golden gift was broughte;
And as the patronne Sainte theie praisedde,
Fame, welthe, heires, lovers, helthe theie soughte.

But atte the house of evyn-songe,
Thatte crowde had mettedde all awaie,
Save where, before the altar stone,
A hopelesse warriour fetteredde laie.

Hys lipps werr pale, hys cheik was wanne,
Hys eies wyth fierie madnesse glowe,
And wyldlie laughedde the wretchedde manne,
Though payne seemed gravenne on his browe.

And lyche a mother o'er her chylde,
A weeping damzell o'er hym bent;
A lovelie mayd, though wetherre wyldie
And travelle hadde her beautie shent.

And stille shee knelt, and stille shee praiedde
To Godde and to the goode Sainte Johne;
But, ah! noe succour reachdde the mayd,
And the crazedde knyghte laughedde wyldlie onne!

And whenne thatte even-songe was sung,
The Abbott askedde thatte ladie fayre
To shewe the fatal cause whych wrunge
The witts of hym laie fetteredde there.

“Of Greystock's nobill lyne,” quod shee,
“My hapless love, Syr Henrie, came,
A knyghte confessed bie foes to bee,
Staynelesse, withoutten fier or blame.

“I was, alace! hys destynedde wyfe,
And fondlie hopedde thatte I shoulde bee
The humbille solace of hys lyfe,
And he yts lodestarr unto me.

“The daie was neere, the garments made,
And I, a young delighted bridle,
Satte undernethe the hazel shade,
With hym who lovedde mee atte mie syde.

“There fell strange slumberr onne the knyghte;
I satte and gazedde upon hys face,
And wyth a stille and calm delygte,
Beganne eche lineament to trace.

“Whenne, lo! upponne hys browe there broke
The wrinkledde sygne of bitter payne;
And with a cry mie love awoke,
And shriekedde aloud, ‘Mie braine, mie braine!’

“And stille, hee sayde, a lady fayre
Had splitte (alace!) hys skull asunder,
And ta'en hys witts awaie, and bare
Hymselfe to all mens dreade and wonder.

“Inne vaine theie broghte him leech and preeste,
Noe prayers noe skille myghte aughte avails;
Hee ravedde, and inne hys wrathe beganne
Alle thatte werr neere hym to assaile.

“Theie layde hym inn a dismalle celle;
Theie sayde hys witts would nere returne;
Theie bad mee take another fere,
No longer for Syr Henrie mourne.

“But, holie father, woman's love,
Whenne purelie, deeplie, trulie givenne,
Inne earth belowe, or Heaven above,
Maie never from her breste be rivenne.

" I drewe hym from hys lonelic laire,
Ledde hym by woode and flowerie feeld,
Hopful blue skies and freshing aire
Somme solace to hys braine myghte yeelede

" I ledde him to eche holie shryne,
To every holie manne renownedde;
Prayedde Godde and every sainte divyne
Butt, ah! noe succour have I founde.

" Inne vaine to forren shores I sailedde,
To Italie, to France, to Spaine;
Alle prayers, alle intercessions failedde,
And preestes—naie, popes, have blessedde inn
vaine!

" Six yeeris have perishedde since I herde
The sound of thatte melodious voice,
Those gentill tones, whose lyghteste worde
Werr wont to make mie herte rejoyce.

" And, bitterer farr, hee knowes mee not,
Mee! whome hee knewe and lovedde soe well;
Oh, Marie! Mother! whatte a lotte
Hath fallen on lockless Isabelle!"

The moone shyne through the wyndowe nowe,
Wyth sainte and martir bryghtlie staynedde;
And stille before the altar, lo!
The warrior and the mayd remainedde;

Tille slowlie, as the winde decaies,
Thatte loude, unearthlie laughe grew low;
Lesse restlesse grewe the vacant gaze,
And slumber settledde oon hys browe.

Butt sleepless stille, poore Isabelle
Before the altar weepinge knelt;
Whenne, lo! a cold, thatte lyche a spelle,
Ranne numbing everie vaine she felt;

And now behold bayside her stonde,
With cowl, and frocke, and girdle onne;
And inne hys hand the holie roode,
The image of the goode Saincte Johne.

" Rejoyce," he saide; " inne Heaven above,
Though prayers of menne and saintes have
faylede;

This pure and alle undicing love,
Oh, happie mayden hath prevaylede!

" The deepe devociōne of this herte,
This travelle, toils, are not inne vaine,
For Heaven atte lengthe hathe ta'en this parte
And givenne hym to this armes agayne;

" The feinde thatte hathe persuedde soe long
Your loves wyth unrelentyng hate,
Noe more shalle doe the warrior wronge,
Butt leave yee to your blessfull fate."

Thenne wyth the roode he crossedde hys browe,
Somme namelesse worde of power hee spake;
And ere the mayd myghte marvell howe
The Saincte was gone, the youtie awake!

He gazed uponne her as he laie,
Butt wyth a mylde and altered looke,
Tille shee, who woe for manie a daie
Hadde borne, noe more could silence brooke.

" Dost know mee, Henrie—lorde, love, lyfe?"
" Knowe thee?" cried hee, " I knowe thee
weel,

Are nott mie lovelie bryde? my wyfe?
My joye of joyes? mie Isabelle!"

Whatte needeth more? hys father's halle,
Hys hande hee gainedde withouten strife;
And whatte was more thanne worthe them alle,
A lovyng and devotedde wyfe!

And whenne theie searchedde the land arounde,
(Soo manie a laie and legend tell,)
The braveste knyghte was Henrie founde,
The happiest wyfe young Isabelle!

It was once remarked to us by a person who abominated aristocracy, that Lord Byron was the only English nobleman of the present age who could lay claim to poetic genius. To convince the critic that he was mistaken we advised him to peruse Lord Strangford's translations from Camoens. We deemed it advisable to keep Lord Thurlow out of sight. Since that time, Lord Gower, the translator of Faust, has taken his place amongst men of genius, and we now present some of Lord Porchester's poetry to our readers. Lord Porchester is, we believe, the eldest son of the Earl of Caernarvon. His poetry is not of that species, which a "man of quality writes in his morning gown and slippers." There is strength and fire in his song.

ED. GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

THE MOORISH WAR SONG.

BY LORD PORCHESTER.

From the ranks of our foeman the far herald came,
And to freemen his word was the summons of
shame;

As freemen we spurn'd it, our gauntlet threw down,
And defiance we bade to our people and crown,

Now blaze, ye red beacons! high peal the war
strain!

And welcome! thrice welcome! ye children of
Spain!

How vaunting ye come, and how lonely shall go,
When our valleys are ringing the fall of the foe.

Now the soft serenade through the long summer
night,

And the dance and the banquet, must yield to the
fight;

But the true love we leave, when we clasp her
again,

Shall make us a wreath from the spoils of the
slain.

The terrible Allah has bared his right hand,
And Abdallah shall lead us, the Prince of the land;
Ye Chiefs of Granada! your clansmen combine,
Ye Lords of the Gazal and Vanega line!

Ye stern A'moradi, and Zegri! who spring
From the high-blooded sons of the African King;
Be still your sworn hatred—as brothers unite,
And like torrents deep mingling rush on to the
fight.

Almoradi! the standard of royalty bear—
Be the crescent of Zegri resistless in war!
On Issa the wrongs of your kindred repay,
Sworn foemen be rivals in glory to-day.

The bold who in battle is boldest to-day,
His lady—his country—his King shall repay;
Who falls as a Chief of the faithful should fall,
The Houris await in their gem-studded hall.

Then what can ye fear? since to do or die
Is glory on earth, or is rapture on high;
And what, save the yearning of hate, can ye know,
When opposed to the ranks of the Infidel foe?

Then Chiefs of the land! from your lethargy
break;

For your country, your King, and your honour,
awake!

Then blaze, ye red beacons! high peal the war
strain!

And welcome! thrice welcome! ye children of
Spain!

THE YOUNG INDIAN'S SONG.

I'll hie to the westward, my own native home,
On the breast of the dark rolling river;
My light bark shall dance o'er its waters in foam,
With the force that a strong arm can give her.

I'll high to the west, to the land of my birth,
And revisit the scenes of my childhood;

I will roam through the glades, where my young
arrow first,
Drank the blood of the deer in the wild wood.

I will rush to the arms of my dear Indian girl,
As she comes on the path-way to meet me;
I'll deck her dark locks with the bright shining
pearl,
And her young heart shall throb as she greets me.

I have been to the white world, and found that
her men

Were as pale in their hearts as their faces;
Then welcome ye forests! I never again
Will abandon my home for their places.

Great Spirit! look down on thy red son in love,
Speed my bark o'er the wide lake before me!
And the smoke of my incense shall column above
The rude altar I raise to adore Thee!

[Natchez Ariel]

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE GARRET CLUB.

No. I.

GENIUS.

'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

POPE.

It has ever been a much disputed question whether there is such a thing as innate genius, or not; or in other words, whether any one is born with a faculty for some particular thing, so as to be a poet, a painter, a musician by nature and not by education. There are certain laws by which the operations of nature are governed, and in Ethics as in Physics these laws proceed with a regularity which could only be the effect of a divine order. The mental operations in men I conceive to be governed by the same rules as the organic structure; not that I confound mind with soul; these are perfectly distinct: the soul having no more connexion with the internal, than it has with the external senses; mind is only the effect of healthy action in the brain, soul is an immaterial principle and as such can be governed by no physical laws. A well formed and healthy brain, will produce all the phenomena of mind, even as a well formed and healthy eye will perform all the phenomena of vision. In writing upon this subject I wish to be understood, as referring to the well formed and healthy organ called brain, for I should as soon expect clear and distinct vision from a closed eye as mental superiority from a disorganised brain. But in men of sound minds, men of powerful judgment, of retentive memory, of fruitful imagination and vivid perception, we find an infinitude of peculiarities in talent or genius. The different phenomena of mind and the variety of its products are owing to a combination of the sensual faculties; they may all bend towards one subject, and thus render the individual perfect master of the same. Thus, a man may be very early thrown into the society of musicians; he finds himself highly delighted with the combination of harmonious sounds,—becomes more and

more fascinated, until a musical taste is formed. His whole attention is given to this pleasing recreation; the mind freed from other tasks now irksome, returns with vigour to its favourite pursuit. The man from this vigorous and constant exercise of his mind necessarily improves and is held up as a musical genius.—Another's attention is early directed to books which require an exercise of thought; as he thinks, the task becomes easier every day, until it proves a pleasure and his constant resource of happiness, giving the whole bend of his mind to the investigation of abstruse subjects. His thinking principle is gradually strengthened and invigorated, until he becomes a philosophical genius. This man, had he been placed in the same circumstances as the musician, might have devoted his whole attention to that pursuit to the neglect of the other, and *vice versa*. Closely connected with innate genius is the notion of innate ideas, and on this latter proposition the former depends, in fact, for its most powerful support. This support, however, it loses entirely, for Locke has completely refuted the doctrine of innate ideas. An idea is the conception we form in our minds of the properties and modes, of the length, breadth, and colour of objects. We may by an association of ideas, or a comparison, imagine what we have never perceived, as God, spirit, and essence, but we do so, and can do so, only by a comparison with substances brought within the sphere of our external senses; therefore, until we have made these impressions upon our organs of perception, we cannot have an idea. A blind man can form no idea of light, nor a deaf man of sound. Did, therefore, such a thing as innate genius exist, why should not a man born deaf and dumb become a musician? We have no fact on record that it ever has been the case. We hear frequently of poetical genius:—what is poetry? How many write poetry that never excel. Poetry does not certainly consist in metrical rhyming, for this is a mechanical operation;—poetry consists in the idea clothed in sublimity. What finer poetry have we than the Psalms? In what do the psalms consist? In sublime ideas, the result of comparisons or metaphors. Poetry therefore is the result of thought; who can think without ideas?—Painting is also said to be a natural gift. From what source does it spring?—from imitation. How can we imitate that which we have not seen, heard, or handled? As it is impossible to have an idea without perceiving, so it is impossible to imitate that of which we have no idea. These peculiarities, then, must arise from circumstances which give to the mind its direction from early infancy.—Shakespeare would never have given us those brilliant effusions of his gigantic mind, had he not been early cast among players; nor would Newton have given us the idea of gravitation, and from this the

theory of the heavenly movements, had it not been for the circumstance of an apple falling on his head.—Such are the arguments by which I wish to prove the non-existence of innate genius, that is, a genius for a particular thing. I will not say that there exists no capacity; a capacity certainly does exist, but circumstances must direct it to some particular object, and give it that bend, which leads to genius. I will also say that one man may be endowed with superior capacity, which however, only arises from physical causes, and which has nothing to do with the bend it afterwards receives. Man, from necessity, becomes a thinking being; circumstances first throw wide the door of intellect, and circumstances direct him into peculiarity of occupation, which, according as the capacity is in the beginning enlarged, leads on to genius.

ERASMUS.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 15, 1826.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN,

AND HIS WORKS.

NO. VI.

ARTHUR MERVYN. Arthur Mervyn's first appearance to the reader is at night, in a street in Philadelphia. The date of the events is 1793, when that city was desolated by the yellow fever. Mervyn is apparently perishing with this fearful disorder, in darkness and loneliness; a passer-by observes him and humanely carries him to his own house. Careful benevolence restores Mervyn to health and comfort, and circumstances occur which induce him to narrate his story to his generous preserver. It is eventful and interesting, particularly in those parts which describe the tenfold horrors of the pestilence which, in the sublime language of inspiration, "walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon day." Sublimity is the steady companion of death, the shadow of his awful presence! The angel of destruction is grand and appalling when he comes amidst the shouts, the noise and the thunders of battle; but he is more, infinitely more, sublime when he walks in the breathless silence and gloomy solitude of pestilence, through the deserted streets of a mighty city. They whose love of excitement led them to traverse the lower section of our city, during the fever of 1822, will agree with us in opinion. The unbroken solitude that brooded over the former resorts of industry and pleasure; the voice of silence which told that calamity and

death were at work within many an apparently tenantless dwelling, though we heard neither outcry nor lamentation, the consciousness of an invisible presence whose arrows could not be avoided because they could not be seen, and whose breath might at any and every moment be commingled with our own; in all this, there was more sublimity than in the hurricane, the earthquake and the battle. With a flag over the head, and the sound of the trumpet, and the drum, and the cannon in the ear; with the war-steeds, the weapons, and more than all, *the multitude*, before the eye; with the high excitement of chivalrous valor; with the aspiring pride of distinction, or the stern and indomitable spirit of revenge; with the stirring thought that,

"Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honor's eye is on daring deeds;"

with all these to animate the heart, death, although he loses not his sublimity, loses his terrors, and man will grapple boldly and fiercely with the mighty destroyer.—But around the deserted couch of pestilence and decay, what excitement can be found to revive the languid spirit and invigorate the wasted frame? Destruction comes not attended by praise and honor; he is not combatted by pride and passion; and high virtue, and spotless purity, and holy faith, which alone can conquer the terrors of him who dies in solitude and desertion, how few, how very few hearts do they inhabit!

Some of the finest and most spirited sketches of Mr. Brown are to be found in Arthur Mervyn's narrative of the ravages and calamities of the yellow fever. He paints death in his most hideous and terrific aspect, till the heart becomes oppressed and weighed down with horror. There is a frightful and at times disgusting accuracy in the detail, clothed in the strong, concise and eloquent style, peculiar to all his works, which fastens the attention of the reader, even against his will. He is anxious to escape the contemplation of such scenes, but he is under a spell, and he must proceed. It is the triumph of genius over his heart; it is the strong tyranny of an intellectual despot, conscious of power and extorsive of obedience. If our praises of Mr. Brown be considered extravagant or enthusiastic, we refer to the pages of Arthur Mervyn, to prove that

we are not lavishing unmerited and unmeaning panegyric.

Besides the descriptions of pestilence to which we have alluded, Arthur Mervyn contains many and various incidents of a different character. We shall not attempt an analysis of the story, for to do it justly, we should be obliged to crowd almost every other article out of our twelve pages.—Arthur Mervyn is Mr. Brown's masterpiece, and the masterpiece of all American novels that have ever been written, and it is surpassingly strange that all American readers should not have made this discovery.

We shall conclude this article with one extract from this admirable work—it is the description of a hospital scene.

"I have no perfect recollection of what passed till my arrival at the hospital. My passions, combined with my disease, to make me frantic and wild. In a state like mine, the slightest motion could not be endured without agony. What then must I have felt, scorched and dazzled by the sun, sustained by hard boards, and borne for miles over a rugged pavement?

I cannot make you comprehend the anguish of my feelings. To be disjointed and torn piece-meal by the rack, was a torment inexpressibly inferior to this. Nothing excites my wonder, but that I did not expire before the cart had moved three paces.

I knew not how, or by whom I was moved from this vehicle. Insensibility came at length to my relief. After a time I opened my eyes, and slowly gained some knowledge of my situation. I lay upon a mattress, whose condition proved that an half-decayed corpse had recently been dragged from it. The room was large, but it was covered with beds like my own. Between each, there was scarcely the interval of three feet. Each sustained a wretch whose groans and distortions bespoke the desperation of his condition.

You will scarcely believe that, in this scene of horrors, the sound of laughter should be overheard. While the upper rooms of this building are filled with the sick and the dying, the lower apartments are the scene of carousals and mirth.—The wretches who are hired, at enormous wages, to tend the sick and convey away the dead, neglect their duty and consume the cordials, which are provided for the patients, in debauchery and riot.

A female visage, bloated with malignity and drunkenness, occasionally looked in. Dying eyes were cast upon her, invoking the boon, perhaps, of a drop of cold water, or her assistance to change a posture which compelled him to behold the ghastly writhings or deathful smile of his neighbour.

The visitant had left the banquet for a moment, only to see who was dead. If she entered the room, blinking eyes and reeling steps, shewed her to be totally unqualified for ministering the aid that was needed. Presently, she disappeared and others ascended the stair-case, a coffin was deposited at the door, the wretch, whose heart still quivered, was seized by rude hands, and dragged along the floor into the passage.

O! how poor are the conceptions which are formed, by the fortunate few, of the sufferings to which millions of their fellow beings are condemned. This misery was more frightful, because it was seen to flow from the depravity of the attendants. My own eyes only would make me credit the existence of wickedness so enormous. No wonder that to die in garrets and cellars and stables, unvisited and unknown, had, by so many been preferred to being brought hither.

A physician cast an eye upon my state. He gave some directions to the person who attended him. I did not comprehend them; they were never executed by the nurses, and if the attempt had been made, I should probably have refused to receive what was offered. Recovery was equally beyond my expectation and my wishes.—The scene which was hourly displayed before me; the entrance of the sick, most of whom perished in a few hours, and their departure to the graves prepared for them, reminded me of the fate to which I, also, was reserved.

Three days passed away, in which every hour was expected to be the last. That, amidst an atmosphere so contagious and deadly, amidst causes of destruction hourly accumulating, I should yet survive, appears to me nothing less than miraculous. That of so many conducted to this house, the only one who passed out of it alive, should be myself, almost surpasses my belief.

Some inexplicable principle rendered harmless those potent enemies of human life. My fever subsided and vanished.—My strength was revived, and the first use that I made of my limbs, was to bear me far from the contemplation and sufferance of those evils."

Author of Waverly. By the late arrivals from England, it is asserted on the authority of a letter from London, that Sir Walter Scott has, under oath, declared himself author of the celebrated "*Waverly Novels*"—this was done, as report says, to prove his claims against Messrs. Constables' estate, which firm, has lately fallen amidst the mighty wreck in the commercial world.

We have never expressed our opinion who was the mighty magician, whose un-

rivalled talent, as well as great fecundity, has enchanted the literary world for eleven years past. That Sir Walter, if not the author, we knew from the fountain head, was the personage, who furnished the MSS. and stood sponsor to the works: but that he was the sole author, we have had our doubts. We have read the "*Letters to Heber*," published about four years ago, attempting to prove the author of *Marmion* and *Waverly*, to be the same personage; these letters are well written, and bring forward many striking and similar passages from the poet, which not only show much resemblance between him and the novelist in point of style, but also in train of thought. As these letters admit, there is much diversity of style, in the various novels, nay, we add even in the same works,—this we long ago remarked, and it led to the conclusion in our own mind, that these enchanting productions, were not written by one man alone, but by a literary club.—When we consider the rapidity with which these works have appeared, faster than critics could review, or even ordinary readers peruse, it seems strange that one man could produce them, and more especially that that man was Sir Walter Scott. He has almost daily to attend to his duties as sheriff (of Selkirk we believe)—he has written *Paul's Letters*, *Waterloo*, *Halidon Hill*, *Lives of the Novelists*, &c. &c.—besides he has edited *Pope's* and *Swift's* works, &c. which of themselves, would have taken ordinary industry that time to achieve.

Again, by what law, it was required that Sir Walter Scott, was *under oath* obliged to disclose the author of these novels, to rank upon Messrs. Constables' estate we know not: that he gave the publishers the MSS. and bargained with them for the copy-right, was of itself sufficient to establish his claim.

We have long had a strong desire to know the "great unknown" as he has been called, but the information from London—this bare report, has not satisfied us, and till we hear further on the subject, we shall still remain undecided. We hope the mystery will soon be unravelled.

Captain John Cleaves Symmes, of whom all our readers have heard so much, and whose theory respecting the earth has excited so much speculation, both in this

country and Europe, has at length quitted the wilds of the west and issued forth to promulgate his views with a view to their adoption, and the consequent undertaking of an expedition to explore the hollow caverns of our globe. We were present at the delivery of his first lecture on Monday evening, and notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Mr. Symmes labours of a deficiency in his powers of expression and elocution, and perhaps the startling difficulties inherent in the explanation of his hypothesis, we could not fail to be struck with the simplicity of his manner, the pertinency of his facts, and the exceeding ingenuity of his conclusions.—That many of his arguments are assumed on false data, and an ignorance of the laws of natural philosophy, was very evident, but this their very weakness threw his bold speculations and acute deductions into a stronger relief and lent a zest to the naïveté of his statements. We hope to be able to present our readers with a summary of Capt. Symmes' lecture—contenting ourselves in the meanwhile with the simple assertion that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

A voice from under the Altar.—We find the following appeal in a Maine journal. We copy it, but with faint expectations that it will have any effect upon our Representatives: their hearts are hardened by vanity and political animosity, against the impressions of honor, generosity, and justice—nearly every member has his everlasting speech to deliver by way of showing his mighty abilities; he has his personal and political dislikes to interest his feelings; he is too busy in quarrels which do not always amount to a fight, to heed the claims of men who understood fighting better than quarreling. The national honor and the national justice are trampled under foot by political squabbles and private interest, and they will not listen to a voice from under the Altar, nor would they hearken "even if one were to come from the dead." If this be "contempt of Congress," let them make the most of it.

Not only the surviving officers and soldiers of the revolution, but their friends and their fellow citizens generally, have been waiting to hear, at least one voice in Congress raised against the Act of 1820, which made a deep stain on the memory

of the deceased, and a cruel wound in the heart of the surviving, who achieved the independence of these States. That vile act struck from the rolls about seven thousand, who were included in the Act of 1813; converting a long *acknowledged debt* into a *degrading charity*, which none may receive, unless they will first swear in open Court, and publish it to the Universe, that they are downright *paupers*! After a cold neglect of forty years, during a series of unexampled prosperity, they were noticed by a donation on terms which were soon withdrawn, and proffered again on the *insulting* condition above named!! Inviting the finger of scorn, "*there goes,*" or "*there died a revolutionary pauper.*" Blessed immortality! Glorious reward of standing for their country—"in the times which tried men's souls." Is there none to speak—none to avenge this wrong! Where is the genius which presided with such inspiration in founding another memorial of the fame of Warren and his compatriots! Did the graves of the dead, did the presence of La Fayette, and the survivors bearing the scars of battle; did standing amid the battle-ground, where they first grappled in the mighty contest for liberty, make the orator frantic with feeling for their martyrdoms and their sufferings! Why then slumbers the eloquence of their mighty advocate, so near the tomb of Washington, in view of the violated, blotted rolls of the War Office! Why such a death-like silence, within the walls of Congress, during the whole of another winter's session! Why is that heart cold and motionless, which, on Bunker's heights throbbed with such fervour! Why, O why, is that heart so cold and motionless now, which was then wrought up to the sublimest enthusiasm for the early martyrs of liberty, and their companions in arms! And why is that tongue now silent, which then by master strokes of eloquence impressed the minds of listening thousands with what is due to their memory and to their services!

Be not their apologist for a *charity*;—ask not even for their *just* dues;—the fulfilment of neglected promises urge not upon the conscience of Congress. As to their wages, kept back or paid in faithless paper, let the "trash" go. A higher duty is imposed. Demand of Congress their *good name*, as it stood in 1817.—Demand it as an act of solemn justice, taking back the scandal, which the Act of 1820 inflicted alike upon *their* good name, and that of their *country*, whose salvation they purchased with their blood and sufferings.

A loud voice from under the Altar.

Trouble amongst the insects.—It will be some satisfaction to those who are troubled with the buzzing and biting of flies, to learn that those blood-thirsty creatures suffer for their enormities by *apoplexy* and

convulsions. Messrs. Kirby and Spence in their new work on Entomology, give some scientific accounts of the diseases to which insects are liable. We are happy to learn that spiders are troubled with the stone, and bees with tumours and the dysentery. Ants are particularly subject to *vertigo*; wherefore, we know not, unless by reason of their being *elevated* so very high from the ground. The *cumerus pipiens* (a species of fly) is so destitute of fortitude that it commits suicide, hanging itself by the proboscis.—We wish the whole tribe of flies would follow such a Roman example. The book does not inform us to what disease mosquitoes are liable—but we presume it must be the *gout*, from their high living; may they have a round number of spasms and twinges during the ensuing summer! We pray the medical faculty to leave them to their fate, and we entreat all those gentlemen who keep colchicum on their toilets, to see that their bottles be well corked. It would really be a gratifying sight to see a dissipated old mosquito bolstered up in an arm-chair, his claws wrapped in flannel, taking Wilson's tincture, every half hour, in atonement for his excesses!

We take the subsequent advertisement from the Trenton Emporium. The Albany Microscope has for some time past, been in the habit of publishing a "black list," of those worthies who have taken the paper without any intention of paying for it. The plan is a good one, and if Editors generally were to adopt it, they would do one another a service, and put an end to this species of *moral* swindling.

"ABSCONDED!"

"A letter from the Post master, at Sardinia, in this county, states, that Isaac Farr had absconded from that town. This man had taken the Emporium for some months, and has gone off without paying for the same. We publish this fact, that our brethren of the type (should the gentleman call upon any of them for credit) may know on what terms to do business with him. Eps. Exp."

An old American Periodical, long since forgotten, contains some sketches of the different kinds of "talkers," which are too good to be neglected. With scarcely any alteration they are as applicable to the talkers of 1826 as to those of 1803. Let our readers judge for themselves—

DISCOURSE.

"Your talk to decency and reason suit,
"Nor prate like fools, nor gabble like a brute."

There is a great variety of discourses. We will notice, first, those buffoons in society, the ATTITUDINARIANS and FACE-MAKERS. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twist of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins, and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master.—These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own person in the looking-glass, as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words by a *je ne-sais quoi*, between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimicks, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that, like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, to discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the PROFESSED SPEAKERS. And, first, the *emphatical*, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*, which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty out of their own throats, and to cram them with no less pain into the ears of their auditors.

The WHISPERERS, or low speakers, seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery.

The WITS, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a bon mot, and the WHISTLERS or TUNE HUMMERS, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass; the BAWLER, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The TATLERS, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft part of the conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty musick from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as rash and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation, nor dwell particularly on the HALF-SWEAR-

ERS, who split, and nance, and fritter their oaths into *gad's-but*, *ad's-fish* and *denome*—On the HUMBUGGERS, and on those who 'nick-name God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter—On the SENSIBLES, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences—on the WONDERERS, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes,—on the PHRASEOLOGISTS, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars, with *this, that*, and *rather*—And, lastly, on the SILENT MEN, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precepts of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only *yea yea*, and *nay nay*.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should, therefore, endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative.

NOTE.—The ingenious author of this fragment has not mentioned those *discourers* we meet every where, who eternally talk about themselves: their conversation is a looking glass that always presents you with their impertinent figures: they will hold you a discourse about the least accident that ever befel them. There is nothing but what they have done, seen, said, or thought; they are the universal model, an inexhaustible subject of comparison. How wretchedly insipid is praise when it bounds back to the place it comes from! Nothing but fools will eternally give you their own characters, and bring every thing home to themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAST LEAF OF THE FOREST.

A FRAGMENT.

It was the end of autumn, and my foot rustled among the dead leaves that strewed the path. I cast my eyes up to an aged oak, that stretched its giant limbs in many a fantastic form high over my head. It was the lord of the forest. I looked at it again, and again; one leaf still remained on one sole hanging branch; it struggled in vain to get free. A fresher gust of wind came up the valley—the tiny footstalk gave way—it separated from the branch—and the last leaf of the forest fell at my feet. I gazed at it half sorrowfully; it was not like its companions that lay near; no, it was still fresh as the greenest leaf in spring. The brown tints of autumn had not yet mellowed its vivid colouring; it seemed as if cut off in its prime; different, far different, from those faded trophies of summer which lay around me. Unconsciously, I fell into a train of thought that was sad, even to mournfulness. I took the leaf in

my hand, and exclaimed aloud, "Too true a simile, the last flower of the castle, and the last leaf of the forest, have both departed in vernal freshness, alike blooming, and lovely." I had now reached an open part of the forest which commanded an extensive prospect over the valley; a dim and indistinct object met my view; it wound round a little wooded promontory, and again I plainly saw it. Too well I knew what the sad procession was: the plumes of white feathers danced in the beams of the morning sun, as if in mockery of the sombre object that bore them. It was the hearse that conveyed the relics of Ellen, the last flower of the castle, to her long home. * * * * The only remaining child of a numerous family was regarded by her doting parents with no ordinary affection; but that fell disease, Consumption, came—it breathed on Ellen's face—and the last blossom was gathered to her fathers. The sad procession arrived at the church. I joined the train of mourners—a few moments pause ensued,—broken only by the sobs of the wretched father. The solemn and impressive service commenced—the corpse was lowered into the tomb—I was near it—the leaf fell from my hand—the earth rattled on the coffin—the last flower of the castle, and the last leaf of the forest, reposed in the same grave.

Duelling.—No duels are palatable to both parties, except those that are engaged in from motives of revenge. Such duels are rare in modern times, for law has been found as efficacious for this purpose as lead, though not so expeditious; and the lingering tortures inflicted by parchment, as terrible as the more summary decisions of the pistol. In all affairs of honour, excepting those where the sole motive is revenge, is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear we accept a challenge, and from fear we refuse it. From the false fear of opinion we enter the lists, or we decline to do so, from the real fear of danger, or the moral fear of guilt. Duelling is an evil that it will be extremely difficult to eradicate, because it would require a society composed of such materials as are not to be found without admixture; a society where all who are not christians, must at least be gentlemen, or if neither—philosophers.

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